

## Kenny Dies

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Summary: A novelization of the episode of sorts of the same name in Season 6. To be honest I didn't anticipate the story getting this depressing when I started writing.

## Kenny Dies

Kenny was more familiar with death than most people. He had died more times than he could count. Kenny had been trampled, spontaneously combusted and shredded. But this was by far the worse death he had ever experienced. Oh sure the others were painful, and some of them weren't even quick, but they all ended after a day. He'd been in this hospital bed, hooked up to tubes, writhing in pain, as his muscles wasted away, for a week, and he still hadn't fucking died yet.

Kenny had thought about just reaching over and pull the plug himself, but he'd probably just fuck up and make it even more painful than it already was. Life, or rather death, just had a way of fucking with him. Besides. It wouldn't be long now.

They'd try to comfort him. They'd given him presents and tried to cheer him up. Even Butters had sent him a drawing. Well except Stan who ran off like a little bitch and didn't give him anything. The fucking coward. He'd asked Kyle about him, and Kyle and always said Stan would visit soon. But he never did.

Even Cartman had promised to find a cure and make everything okay. If only he knew that this wasn't the first time Kenny was going to die, and it wouldn't be the last.

Still it wouldn't hurt to beat death just this once. To show that motherfucker that he couldn't fuck with Kenny's life whenever he wanted. That he couldn't leave poor Karen hiding in a closet, crying, scared to come out and face the fact her brother was wasting away in a hospital bed. If only she knew, maybe then it wouldn't be such a big deal. No it would just scare her, most things did.

The people from the make a wish foundation had come. But of course they couldn't grant him his one wish. He didn't want to die. So of course they'd just tried to pawn that old anorexic whore Madonna off on him. Those fucks didn't really cared about him. They were just trying to make themselves feel better.

Kenny could feel the end nearing. His cancer wracked body couldn't take much more. He could feel himself fading away. Kenny had never minded the actual death part of dying. It was never permanent. What got to him was how much it hurt, and that nobody ever remembered. It was hard for a kid to face a curse like this, all alone. Well at least this time everyone had been nice to him and gotten him presents. Well all except for one.

Kenny turned towards Kyle. The were the only two in the room. His friend was sobbing. "Where's Stan" Kenny asked one more time, his voice weak. "He's getting you a present", Kyle said through muffled sobs. "He'll be hear any minute." But it was to late. With those last words said Kenny's heart flatlined. The bastards had killed him. Again.

End  
file.